

Never Failing

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Summary: RvB. He started things out with a little chat, which didn't go quite where he wanted. So, he gave the never failing line. The other man knew it well.

Never Failing

**A/N: **Another in the Wanna Fuck series. Finally got this up. The hardest part was thinking of a good title.

> And this is the shortest one. That doesn't mean it's not good, just shorter.
 **Genre: **Generally Humorous, and slight Romance

> **Rating:** **M**

> **Pairing:** **Sarge/Grif**

> **Summary:** **He started things out with a little _chat_, which didn't go quite where he wanted. So, he gave the never failing line. The other man knew it well.**

> **Warnings**: Cursing, mentions of sexual activities, slash, and the usage of a by-now familiar line.

> **Disclaimer:** **All belonging to Rooster Teeth, those amazing men.**

Sarge: Ahem. Uh, hello, Grifâ€|

Grif: Sirâ€|What meaningless, painful, and-or demeaning grunt work do you want me to do now?

Sarge: Nuthin', boy. Can't a superior jus' sit 'n' chat with his private?

Grif: Not you and me, sir.

Sarge: Well, why the hell not?

Grif: You know, probably because you sorta hate me. And try to kill me, or get me killed on a regular basis.

Sarge: Er, right. Fergot 'bout tha' partâ€|

Grif: You forgot you hated me? Sir, are you feeling alright? You don't seem sick. Or drunk.

Sarge: I'm not either, Grif.

Grif: Did you eat Donut's pot pie? That thing is poisonous! Unless he specifically made it crappy because I made some joke about him being a cheap whore. Again.

Sarge: No, nuthin' like that. Jus' came up here.

Grif: To chat?

Sarge: To chat.

Grif: â€|Sir, with all due respect, have you been smoking crack?

Sarge: Damn it, private! I'm perfectly fine. Now quit yer yappin'.

Grif: But I thought you wanted me to talk. You know, 'cause you want to chat.

Sarge: Boy, are you mockin' me?

Grif: Me? Mock you, sir? Never.

Sarge: Boy, I'm sensing sarcasm.

Grif: Well, then neither of us are strangers to it.

Sarge: â€|Grif, I still don't know why I didn't remove your tongue when I was givin' ya Simmons' body parts.

Grif: I'm surprised you didn't put explosives in me.

Sarge: Didn't have any on hand.

Grif: Well, that explains that. Now there's just one more mystery to solve-you know, minus the whole what-are-we-doing-here-slash-Blood-Gulch mystery.

Sarge: Wha's that?

Grif: Why are you talking to me? â€|Sir.

Sarge: Don't ya listen, boy?

Grif: Usually? Not really.

Sarge: Do ya ever wonder why I hate ya?

Grif: Nope. Can't say I do.

Sarge: Good. Least you have some common sense.

Grif: Uh, I don't think common sense really has anything to do with itâ€| Uh, hey Sarge, it really unnerves me when you look at me like

that.

Sarge: Jus' wha' I was goin' fer.

Grif: Great. Well, this chat wasâ€œI don't know the right word. Let's go with interesting. Even though it's a blatant lie. Well, I've gotta goâ€œdo stuff. Like sitting away from everyone and essentially hating my life and this stupid canyon. And everyone in it. Oh, and command.

Sarge: Grif, ya always do that.

Grif: Exactly. That's how I got to be where I am todayâ€œIn the middle of a fuckin' box canyon stuck talking to you. With all due respect, Sarge.

Sarge: I shoulda removed yer tongue when I had th' chance.

Grif: I know, sir, I know.

Sarge: Grif, this is goin' nowhere.

Grif: Where was it supposed to go? The hell away from here? Because if so, I'd follow it.

Sarge: I'll jus' do things th' fast way.

Grif: Why do I have the feeling I won't like this?

Sarge: Wanna fuck?

Grif: â€œI knew it; that line never fails.

Sarge: Wait, is tha' a yes?

Grif: Hell yeah! Can't let an offer like that go, especially if asked the Grif-way.

End
file.